

The Creation of Love



Philosophical poems

Sorin Cerin

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

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To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

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Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from

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the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some

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daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppcase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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Dear friends,

The theme of love is becoming increasingly rare in the current poetry, and when it appears, it dresses the grotesque elements of the obscenity or even of pornography.

That is why I tried the profound approach, but especially viewed from the philosophical angle of Love, without to hesitate to use the word Love, whenever I thought the situation required it, especially in the last two volumes of philosophical poetry published before it.

As an example, I will mention the poem "Tell me, Love, how many", published in the volume entitled "The Meaning of Love", a poem I will quote it below before the contents of this volume titled The Creation of Love.

Sorin Cerin

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Tell me, Love, how many?

**Tell me Love,
how many Days of Unrest ,
you crucified,
on the Heaven of Heart of Fire,
of the Time that abducted our
Immortality?**

**How many Epistles burned with Tears of
Words,
you have consumed,
on the deck of the Glances of some Hopes,
next to which we sailed,
on the Infinite from ourselves?**

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**How many dawns did you break,
from the heavy Calendars,
of the Expectations of Lead,
clinging them on the Walls of Loneliness,
who have cut us the veins of the Dreams,
with the sharp blades,
of the Eternities of some Moments?**

**Tell me, Love,
how many?**

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1. The Creation of Love

Disturbs me, O Lord,
my Heart, of, Heaven,
of the Sacred Fire from me,
to be able to cover me with snowdrifts,
with the snow of the Moments of the Love,
on which I will burn it,
in the arms of the Flames of our Eyes,
until,
the most beautiful Dream of Your Word,
The Creation of Love,
to appear and in my Way to Absolute,
for to paint the Divinity of His Image,
whose Infinity to encompass us,
the Star of Immortality,
from whose Divine Light,
to we make us the mantle from the Absolute Truth,
on which to we dress it,
at the Feast of Your Creation,
for Eternity,
Lord,
Please,

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helps, the Eternities of Moments,
and do not let the Time,
to he waste them, in vain,
under the eaves of the Tears,
who weep our wry Smiles,
on which Nobody, except You,
will never be able,
to he take them from us.

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2. Sometimes without us

We remained closed in the same Moment,
what has lost its Eternity,
when she was wasted by Time,
for to build the Inferno,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
which burns and now, in us,
the Pain,
on whose embers, we trample every moment,
then when we want to detach of ourselves,
to we forsake the ruined house of Moment,
in which we live,
without windows,
which to let us, to she enters, the Divine Light,
of the Happiness,
without gates,
on which to we come out,
when we want to run,
away from Sufferings,
and sometimes,
without us.

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3. Until I will never ask you again, how many?

Tired to count to you,
the falling stars,
of your Moments, Love,
I'm asking you,
how many will longer fall,
over the forehead of our Destiny ?,
how many crowns of thorns of the Pain,
will they longer be put, on his head ?,
how many Days of lead,
interminable,
of the Loneliness,
they will deviate, on to its gate?
until,
I will never ask you again,
how many?

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4. They keep us in captivity

Waves of frozen Smiles,
on the faces of the Death from ourselves,
have hit the shores of the Illusions of the Nonsenses of the
Existence,
on which we build the Sand Castles,
from the bodies of the Hourglasses,
who keep us, in captivity,
The Eternity of the Moment,
which they want to sell it,
in continuation,
in the slavery of Time,
on whose forehead we were crucified,
by the Destiny.

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5. The Age of the Doubts of Love

Nowhere, we will not succeed to run,
without ourselves,
the ones before,
of to be born,
The World of Compromises,
whose Vices,
they fully reward us, the Pride,
to we believe us, the Winners
of the Vanities,
to whom we make them makeup
after the latest fashion of the Absurd,
what, we dress him,
once with every wasted Moment,
by the Illusions of our Life and Death,
among the Cemeteries of Words,
of, which, we support us,
the Age of the Doubts of Love.

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6. On the wet wood by the Tears of the Helplessness

We built us the Walls,
to surround ourselves with the Fear,
of to be ourselves,
and to recognize that we are crucified,
on the wet wood by the Tears of the Helplessness,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose vinegar of Dreams,
we are forced to drink it thirsty,
from the cups of wilderness,
of our temporal Existence,
from whose bitter stone,
we must sculpt, the faces of the Words,
after the image and likeness,
of the Pain which we sort it,
in the construction of the grandiose edifice,
of the Inferno of this World.

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7. Through the bleached hair of the Years

Hit by the Storms,
of the Horseshoes of the Longing,
forsaken by the hooves of the Happiness,
which they leave deep traces,
among the Shadows of our Souls,
locked in the Dust of the Incarnation,
taken by the alluviums of the Days,
toward the Ocean of Death from us,
on whose shores,
are still heard and now,
the songs of Mermaid,
of the our forsaken Words,
whose Meanings,
they are wandering and now,
among the fingers of Horizons,
on which, we pass them,
through the bleached hair of the Years,
of Loneliness.

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8. On the cold of your Lips

It's so much Mystery,
on the cold of your Lips,
that they froze,
even and the Dreams,
which were waiting for us in the dilapidated train station,
of a Love,
Past,
besides the platforms of our deserted Days,
from which we have built ourselves the Castle of Sand,
stolen from the Hearts of the broken Hourglasses,
of the Wax Icons of the Promises,
which, they melted,
at the first flame,
of some hot Feelings,
what, we had to swallow them in haste,
on the Street of our Destiny,
without we knowing,
how hard we will burn,
the Words,
what have become,
Ash,
carried, on the wings of the Winds of the Forgetfulness.

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9. Through, the Fairs of our Pains

Hit me, Lord, with the palm of Retrieval,
for to die, freely of me myself,
on the steps of the Cathedral,
of the Steps of lead,
of a Time,
which, he did not want to believe in the Predestination,
of the Nonsenses of the Illusions of the Existence,
wasting his Moments on nothing,
through, the Fairs of our Pains,
who have decomposed us,
in so much, the Feelings,
that the Vanity,
she has braided from them,
the rope of the Days which she stretched us,
for to Suicide us,
The Love of Memories,
from our Future.

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**10. From the cups of wilderness of the
Remembrance**

Write to me the Sunrise,
about the Night of Love,
on which, you have carried her, on the arms of the Pain,
until, you have succeeded,
to you detach,
from the Magic of Eyes of Stars,
of the Predestination,
who torn us, the Happiness,
in strips broken by Prides and Vices,
from which we have woven us,
The Future of Wine bent by Days,
on which we drink it,
with knots in the necks of Hopes,
from the cups of wilderness,
of the Remembrance.

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11. From the flames of the Moments

Leaning over, the Walls,
scattered through the Blood of its Horizons,
untouched ever,
by the cold palms of Eternity,
the Time,
he lit up,
the Longing that has emerged,
from the flames of the Moments,
of some Stars of Words,
whose Meanings,
no matter how cold and meaningless, they would seem,
they light us the Way to Death,
the only rescue,
toward the Absolute of Love,
on which we have lost her,
at the dice of Destiny,
being aware,
that whatever we do,
we will never succeed,
to regain our Memories from the Future,
in this Present of the Absurd.

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12. The long hair of the same Destiny

We fell together,
in the shell of that seashell of Time,
so that the Wind of the Years to blows us,
in the long hair of the same Destiny,
on which the Worries have arranged it for us,
that, we wear every time,
the most fashionable hairstyle of the Days,
of on balustrade of the Vanity,
of which we hold us,
to not somehow,
to we fall,
in the abyss from ourselves,
from where he could no longer save us,
No one, Never.

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13. The Souls of the Brooms

Scattered by the Storms of the Beddings,
hidden in the hole of the key,
of the obscene Promises,
of the Masks with the faces of Happiness,
on which, they wander,
The Souls of the Brooms,
which gather us the Nights,
on the dustpan of the Forgetfulness,
for to throw them,
to the trash can of the Sentiments,
what they sleep deeply,
the Moments of Death,
on whose road, we are heading,
The Sleep of Passions,
full of sweat,
of the Time,
on which we have not succeeded to understand him,
Never.

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14. The wilderness of the Days of our Destiny

Kidnapped by the solitary Storms,
of the Faces of pillow,
on which we put,
the wry Smiles of the Responses,
trying to we dream,
to the Loneliness of Immortality,
of the Death,
hidden in our crouched Desires,
hidden in our Desires, crouched,
of so much, Agglomeration, of Ideas,
which dry us the Fountains of the Verbs,
from which the exhausted Words of the Searches,
no longer have what to drink,
from their cups, chipped,
by, the Wilderness of the Days,
of our Destiny.

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15. The Clothing of the Meaning

You knotted me, the tie of the Longing,
at the Neck of Forgetfulness,
Love,
and then, hang my Feelings,
until there will be nothing left,
from the absurd dust of the empty Words,
which have sold,
any Trace,
from the Clothing of the Meaning,
for to deceive my Eternity of the Moment,
on which I would have given her,
even at the cold and indifferent Soles,
of the Incarnations in the Dust,
of your carnal Glances,
so greedy,
by the Death from us,
that they were not aware,
that it will not remain, nothing,
from all voluptuous forms,
of the Bodies of so many Feelings,
besides Love.

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16. Solar Thoughts

It barely succeeds to pass,
The Horizon of the Day,
on the vault of the cold from the Words,
in which they still felt,
the chills of the Night,
deep and sad,
on the deserted street of the Souls,
eager for the solar Thoughts,
what they promised us,
that they will send their hot rays,
over the wide open windows,
of the Hearts of our Dreams of Heaven,
in which to lose us the Glances,
full of the sweat of the Rains of Hopes,
which to wash us the foreheads,
of the Expectations
by the dust of Time,
letting to see in their Shadow,
the Love.

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17. Watched with clenching

Swords, cold and odorless,
of Expectations,
excruciating, of long,
have torn the flesh of the old and skinny Days,
on which nor a Time,
do not invite them to the table of the Notability,
of the Dreams of a Love,
what barely holding in turn,
by the cold and oppressive Walls,
of the Hopes,
which have put the Shadows,
of so many generations of Unfulfillments,
that behind them is heard,
just the clink of the desert mugs,
watched with clenching,
by the glances thirsty after us,
of the Death.

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18. We no longer have, at who to confide them

Crucified by, the Cold of your Promises,
fulfilled in the palms of the Glances,
lost and disinterested,
of the Hearts of Ice,
over which have snowed us, the deserted Moments,
of the Vestments of some Words,
sewn with the white thread of the Vanity,
which we often wore them,
on the lost streets of the Deceptions
where we have wandered ourselves,
carrying with us the Cemeteries of Dreams,
full of Remorses,
on which, we no longer have at who to confide them.

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19. In the honor of a God of the Opportunities

Bracelets of regrets,
worn at the wrists of Memories,
they tighten us so hard The Present,
that it decomposes us in turn,
The Word of Creation,
so deep,
that it becomes the food of Absurd,
letting himself eat by the rust,
profound of the Forgetfulness of Self,
that the Pride of Vices,
deaf-mute,
of the criminal Histories,
they believe themselves, the Voices that sing the Divinity,
through the choirs of the Churches of Nobody,
girded at the chest of a Time,
which, he sacrificed his Moments on Nothing,
in the honor of a God of the Opportunities,
of the Original Sins,
forgetting that all these,
they had behind them,
our Souls.

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20. Under the eaves of the Tears of Dreams

Hit by the Storms of the Regrets,
God has created his Crickets of the Autumns,
to whose violins they sing the Mistakes of Creation,
in waiting of the Cold,
from the cold and penetrating Glances,
of the Hearts of Ice,
from which they beat the exact time of the Vanity,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they prepare with precision,
the oily beddings of the Pain,
in which to we dress our Moments,
of the Separation,
whose Eternities will go unnoticed,
on, under the eaves of the Tears of Dreams,
disconcerted,
by, our own Destinies.

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21. Refuses to appear

I wiped the tables of the Thoughts,
with the rags of the Clouds,
whose Rains of empty Words,
they began to pour,
over the painful hips,
of the Horizons from the Eyes,
what they could barely move,
through our Hopes,
whose wet wings,
were bathed with the lead of the Regrets,
on which the Illusions of Life and Death,
they were able to imprint them to us,
in the pickled garments,
by the Moments that have passed,
through the Storm that still shouts deaf,
in the depths of our Meanings,
at the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
which refuses to appear.

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22. Together forever

You will never know,
how many times have I budded for you,
to give you the Springtime of my life,
in the bouquets tied by Love,
at the ends of our Destiny,
with the ribbon of the Sacred Fire,
of the Glances in which we found us again,
the Embers of the Boundlessness,
which warmed us the whole Universe,
of the Eyes of Heaven, of the Sunrises from us,
who are burning and now in the flames of the Feelings,
illuminating us the Way to the Absolute,
with the fire, of, beginning, of World ,
in which we have remained together,
forever.

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23. To hold this quality

Shirts of lattice dressed by our Years,
among the Smoke Curtains of the Worries,
which, they blind us, the Destinies, so much that,
they no longer succeed to keep their right Path,
towards the promised Death,
but they sometimes make a detour,
on under, the eaves of the Tears of some Words,
on which Nobody has invited them,
at the bitter stone wedding, of the Happiness,
whose choice of godparents,
was totally uninspired,
then when he invited them,
on, the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
to hold this quality,
on which they have transformed her,
in the amount of Pain.

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24. The Shadows of the Absolute Truth

Digging after the treasures of Dreams,
I found your Soul,
which was shining under the snowdrifts of the Falling
Stars,
of some Destinies,
on which were no longer looking for them,
nor the Shadows of the Absolute Truth,
to dress with their mantles of wax,
sewn with the Stories that were melting,
under the heat of our Glances,
turning them into Candles lit,
in the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we drink them,
in the mugs of wilderness of the Hopes,
of to unite us,
the Smiles, wry and silent,
in, the impenetrable cold, of the Streets of some Moments,
of on whose Lips,
has no longer succeeded, not even to snow,
one question,
conscious that it will never receive,
an Answer,
whose Thought,
was lost together with us,
in Death.

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25. Has forbidden us to anymore communicate

They fell,
the eyelids of the Clouds of your Thoughts,
on the Eternity of the Moment,
crucified on the Dust of my Incarnation,
from which I collected,
so many fruits of the Pain,
so far,
that I could feed, with them,
the whole World of Vanity,
which has forbidden us, to anymore communicate,
with the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love.

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26. To let us the long hair of the Moments

The thick sleeves of Time,
covers the tattoos of the Pain,
deeply encrusted
on the broken glass,
of the Hourglasses of the Souls,
crucified on grain of sand,
of the our Importance,
from the Incarnation of the own World,
in, the Non-Senses of the Illusion of the Existence,
on whose pillow,
we are obligated,
to let us the long hair of the Moments,
burdened by the Thoughts,
of the Vanity.

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27. Through the Attics with old things of the Love

Searching,
through the Attics with old things of Love,
I have discovered the Steps of your Heart,
covered with the Shadows of Days,
which have crucified you,
on the tomb of the Retrieval,
from the Cemeteries of Words,
of our Passions,
at whose gates, we ran,
holding us by hand the Destiny,
which broke away,
at a certain time,
being seriously injured,
under the heavy and moldy wheels,
of a Time,
which each time, he came back,
being always the same,
deaf, indifferent and ruthless,
with us.

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28. At the Charity of the Feelings

At the Charity of the Feelings,
do not go, never,
Love,
because you will only receive,
the Alms of the remaining Days,
at the gate of mercy,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which will not open for you, never,
so you can escape,
from the camp of this World of the Vanity,
who comes to the Compromises Ball,
in the cheap slippers of the Absurd,
on which finds him every time,
at the Fair of Hearts, forsaken by the Dreams,
of the Despair.

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29. The funeral Dreams

I floated on the waves of the Despair,
on the moldy streets of the Sadness,
of Candles from the Glances,
what barely flickered,
at the gates locked with power,
of the Luck,
passed long ago in the Non-being,
through the deserted Cemeteries of Words,
on whose alleys,
of Dreams, Funeral,
we walked, sometimes,
the Helplessness,
of to be ourselves.

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30. The rope of Dreams

Dancing lugubrious,
on the arias of the rains of Funeral Smiles,
of the Absurd,
the Retrieval,
lost by its own Self,
is still looking for its, and now
the Rope of Dreams,
to put it to her slim neck,
of the ice flowers,
which I have given you,
last time,
on the open windows of Moments,
of, which, we have hung,
the Happiness,
burying it,
in the cold arms of the Separation,
forever.

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31. On which the Shadows of the Days will fall

Drawing the mask of the Feelings,
without Roots,
of the Darkness,
of the Eyes of Clouds,
sealed with Hideouts,
of the your Zodiac,
I can not see in them,
than the cold Rains of the Autumn of Loneliness,
on which the Shadows of the Days will fall,
hitting themselves by the cold and wet asphalt,
of the Sadness,
what had just its bought an Address,
through the Tears of Walls of Words,
which are seeping,
on the eaves of Remembrances from the Future.

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32. The bitter stone of the Days

The dice, stinging
of lost Memories,
on the empty tables of the Words,
from which they will make my house,
the Non-Senses of the Illusions of Life and Death,
at the end of the bridge,
of your Eyes of Heaven,
through which we will see the Boundlessness,
how it forsaken us,
the World of Dreams,
in which we sculpt,
the bitter stone of the Days,
after the image and likeness,
of the Pain,
of to longer remain something of us,
the ones, before of to be
the Vanity.

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33. At, the Crossroads of the Pain

Before all, how many are,
the Tears of the Absolute Truth,
have washed us, the Boundlessness,
of the mournful Shadows, of the Future,
in which we will lose us the consistency,
of the Meaning of Love,
what will be closed,
in the seashell of the Word,
to which the Storms of the Ages will sing,
through which we will pass the Dreams,
hoping at the Shores of saving of the Happiness,
which will become the misleading Horizons,
what they will always go far away,
of, our Regrets,
comprised finally,
by the Flames of the Forgetfulness,
by ourselves,
and all this,
only to we reach,
at, the Crossroads of the Pain,
so we can ask ourselves,
why?

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34. Of on the bleached bones of the Dreams

It snowed with Roots of Death,
over the infinity of the Remorses,
on which are seen and now,
the big and ferocious fangs,
of the dogs of the Absurd,
which have snatched the flesh of the Years,
of on the bleached bones of the Dreams,
what lightens now,
only Cemeteries of Words,
among the graves of which,
I'm still looking for and now,
the Smile of the Eternity of our Moment.

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35. They drain to the soles of the wax flames

The ice Flowers of the Smiles,
collected in bouquets of Delusions,
to be offered to the Despair,
as a gift,
from, the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they drain,
to, the soles of the wax flames,
of the melted Words,
after the Heart of Heaven,
of the your Eyes,
Love,
haunted in so much,
by the careless Time,
that you've aged,
under, the eyelids of the heavy Clouds of the Forgetfulness
you have drowned,
in the Tears of the Impossibility,
of to be beautiful.

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36. The Divine Light of our Souls

You knotted my Hopes,
of, your forehead, Love,
and then, crucify them for me,
at the Shadow of Dreams of Endless,
of the Eyes of Sentimental Storms,
on which to we navigate together,
under the banner of the Absolute Truth,
on which we will pray him,
to stands at the helm of Happiness,
for not to steal us Nobody, ever,
the Way toward the Star of Immortality,
where is waiting for us and now,
the Divine Light of our Souls.

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37. The gold of the sun rays

Build us, Love,
in the Temple of your Heart,
where to we pray,
the whole Existence,
to forsake,
the Non-Senses of the Illusions,
and to become monk,
for you,
together with us,
those who we kneel,
at the Icon of Aspirations ,
from the Dawns, gilded,
with the gold of the sun rays,
of the Words of Fulfillment,
on which she whispers them to us,
the Divine Light,
of the Happiness,
sitting on the Eyes,
of our Horizons.

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38. In the sad Eyes of the Horizons

Break me out of the Calendar,
of your Thoughts,
and drown me all the Shadows of the Walls,
which have tied us,
by the bridge what was passing so far,
over the Infinity of Love,
what we have passed it daily,
towards ourselves,
defying all the rules,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from which the World made its shield,
in front of the Icons of the Tears of Happiness,
to which we worshiped,
the Years spent together,
until when the clouds of the wry Smiles,
of the Time lost,
through the pockets of the Flames of our Blood,
he burned his last unspent Days,
throwing us, their ashes,
in the sad Eyes of the Horizons,
on which we have no longer seen them, together,
this time,
Separating us.

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39. So that I can resurrect

Breathe through me,
Love,
at the head of the Death,
so that I can resurrect,
leaving the Dust of Incarnation,
of the Pain,
in the station of the Nobody,
where I waited for your train a whole life,
of Delusions,
which, they worshiped,
with each Despair,
a cup of Blood that boiled,
in the veins of the Time,
eager to kill us,
slowly but surely,
every ray of Divine Light,
what could it show us,
The Way to Absolute,
being afraid,

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that we will take to it forever,
the Eternity of the Moment,
on which has no longer succeeded to kill it,
for to wasted it,
at the soles,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of this absurd World.

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40. After the resemblance of the face of Fire

The regrets, sprouted,
at the broken windows,
of the buds of Illusions,
what they accompany the Desperations,
at the deserted fairs of the zodiac Signs,
which are hit,
by the walls of the decomposed Aspirations,
of the harsh and sharp Sculptures,
made,
after the resemblance of the face of Fire,
of the Roots that burn us,
until exhaustion,
the Hopes,
mutilated by the sharp edges, deaf and indifferent,
of the Pains,
watered with the Water of Life,
by the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
from which, we fill, in every Moment,
the mugs of wilderness, of the Vanity.

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41. The sharp and wild claws

Tears of Heaven,
they seep on the cheeks of the Clouds,
from the decomposed Souls,
of the Rains of Questions of the Loneliness,
without Answers,
what they flow in torrents,
towards the riverbeds of the Death,
poisoned by Helplessness of Hopes,
of to defend themselves,
by the sharp and wild claws,
of the Despair,
which are looking for us, and now,
among the Cemeteries of Words,
where we often hide,
the Thoughts buried with great pomposity,
by Conscience.

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42. The Nothings of the Day

The fruits of the wombs,
of the Non-Senses of the Illusions of the Existence,
they have cut off their troubled roots of the Dreams,
from the payment note of the Absurd,
believing that, thus,
they will be able to face their own Vanity,
which nourishes us, the Nothingness,
from the Hearts of the deserted streets,
of the Feelings,
on which are aligned the addresses of the Nobody,
to which we are invited,
to we beat with power,
in the gates locked by the Nothings of the Day,
which hide us the Love.

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43. Has collapsed over us

The embers of the Water Eyes of my Life,
is gradually extinguished,
by the wet Walls,
of the Tears of the Blood of Moments,
of the Ancestors of my Genes,
flowing
through the riverbeds of the Delusion,
toward the Waves, of, bitter stone of Despair,
of that we cling, the last Dreams,
in which they longer believe,
the mugs of wilderness,
filled up to refusal,
with the Winds of the Vanity,
from which has remained us to drink,
the last drop of Pain,
of the Hope,
which to keep us alive,
the Promises,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
which has collapsed over us.

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44. To we longer drink a few decomposed Days

The solemn respiration,
of the falling into nothingness,
of the Solitude,
accompanied by the serious Regret,
of the closure,
of the Gates of the Desperation of Self,
from behind the Destinies,
collapsed at the feet of Pain,
to longer implore,
a few rusty coins by the Moments,
on which to throw them into the automatic machine,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which will longer grind,
a few Horizons full with, Vanities,
over the wilderness mugs of our Buildings,
in the Dust of the Incarnation,
from which to we longer drink,
a few decomposed Days,
of so much Loneliness.

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45. Whole bouquets of Desperations

Perfumes of thorns,
with smell of Death,
sprinkled on the golden crowns,
of the Faiths,
framed in the Icons of the Vanities,
of this World,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from which we are constrained,
to we collect,
whole bouquets of Desperations,
tied, with the red thread of the false Love,
which is sold on nothing,
at, the corners of the deserted streets by the Feelings,
to every hurried passerby,
to he escape this Night,
of end, of World
in which our Dreams were buried,
incarnate in Absurd.

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46. By the wings of the guardian Angels

The Flowers of Sunrise,
break the lattice of Divine Silences,
from our Glances,
lost until then,
only in the fog,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
to whom they began to shout them,
for the first time,
the Love,
to release us,
the Souls of us ourselves,
to be able to cling us
by the wings of the guardian Angels,
come to the forehead of Divine Light,
from our Memories from the Future,
next to which we will fly,
over all the heavy and sad Dreams of the Pain,
of a World that has never understood us,
being convinced,
what much did for us,
giving us the Incarnation,
in the mire of the Vanity.

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47. Has been looking for us, long before

I never knew,
where it is hiding,
the Sunrise of the Happiness,
until I broke,
the thick and gray Walls,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from behind which I was able to glimpse,
the Divine Light of the steps,
lit by our Longing,
of, the Star of Immortality,
who has been looking for us, long before,
of to be the World of Incarnations,
in Pain.

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48. In the still alive Dust

The chords, of, Longing,
torn from the Walls that separate us,
by ourselves,
they sing its wilderness,
over the bows of freedom of Self,
of the Words,
decomposed,
in the glasses cracked by the Hopes,
mangled by the claws,
of the Time, insatiable,
who builds for himself,
cathedrals from the skulls of Happiness,
on the crushed cliffs,
of the Shadows of some Loves,
what they will never deepen their steps,
in the still alive Dust,
of the Vanity of this World,
of the our Incarnation.

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49. Wandering through us

The leaves of the Days began to fall,
over the scattered roots,
of the Memories from the Future,
trickled,
over the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what they and have delighted, after their will,
the fragrances of our Forgetfulness of Self,
among the Storks of the Despair,
whose wings of the Death,
they rise toward the sad Heavens
of the Disorientation of Words,
which are hit, ceaselessly,
by the frozen Lips,
of the old Times,
wandering through us.

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50. To be for us contemporary

Fallen in the disgrace of the Fear ,
being snowed by the Original Sins,
of an obtuse God,
the Word of Creation,
he had no other choice,
than the Scaffold of this stinging World,
which seems to cut the fog of the Desperations,
whose bleeding,
wounds us every Moment,
wronged by, the Creation,
to be for us contemporary,
with Death.

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**51. Where, the crickets of Dreams still sing and
today**

The Freedom,
is a concept,
so abstract for the Death,
that nothing of its essence,
does not remain, un-macerated
by this,
among the Cemeteries, of Words,
of the epistles about Life,
where, the crickets of Dreams still sing and today,
among the graves of the decomposed Glances,
of the Memories, handicapped,
which have received each time,
a baton of Regrets,
on which to support itself,
its tired Moments,
the Vanity.

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52. Whole phrases of, empty Words

I asked,
every time,
the carious teeth of the Words,
why they whitened the hair of the Years,
at the tables empty of content,
from the stomachs of the Feelings,
which, they walk, starved,
on the deserted alleys of the Glances,
dispirited and sad,
what have snowed with flames of indifference,
over the Embers
what barely flickers,
through our Hearts,
obsessed,
by a dental office,
of the Destiny,
who to repair,
whole phrases,
of, empty Words.

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53. The Last Supper of Dissections

The desolated zodiac signs by their own Days,
lost among the bridges of bitter stone,
of the Destinies,
they break the deep silence of the Seasons,
beaten,
by the heavy Hearts, of lead, of the Clouds,
under whose Shadows,
we can barely succeed to carry our Expectations,
behind its own Time, impassive and cold,
of the Dreams, decomposed,
by the Last Supper of Dissections,
of Love,
made by, Vanity,
for to we find us, the Memories of the Future,
of the our own Death.

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54. The sweet and suave taste of the Death

We repeat every time,
the same tragic Destiny,
of the Word of Creation,
in the World of the Absurd,
on which we want to be gilded
with the Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence,
from which to we break,
starved,
one slice of Lying,
which we can eat it,
with all the ingredients of the Pain, from it,
because just so,
we can feel her sweet and suave taste,
of the Death.

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55. Without to we know, where Time goes

The assorted promises,
with the clothing of the Smiles,
displayed by the hidden Words,
behind the smoky Glasses, of the Thoughts,
increasingly decomposed,
by the Balances of the Illusions of Life and Death,
unbalanced,
by, the Destinies,
broken from Calendars,
with annotations so colorful,
of the Death,
that, even the rainbow of the Pains is envious,
on the graves of the Dreams,
which, they forsake us, without to we know, at least
where Time goes.

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56. The silk of the worms of Wrinkles

The dice, gloomy,
of tired and squashed Glances,
have scattered,
The Games of Shadows with Hearts,
of the Time satisfied,
by the ephemeral gains of the Years,
on, the silk of the worms of Wrinkles,
on which we dress it now,
knowing that through her,
the chlorophyll of the mulberry tree flows us
in the Blood of the Sunsets,
what they will feed,
the dried leaves of the Thoughts,
which, they will become,
the Earth in which we incarnate,
the Moments wasted unfairly,
by the Destinies eager to play,
everything up to the last card.

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**57. Toward the inexhaustible wellspring of your
Dreams**

The wandering,
break me from the Being,
and carry me toward the inexhaustible wellspring,
of your Dreams,
from which I to can drink to the end,
the endless Distances,
of the Heart of your Heaven,
from which I to make for me,
the mantle of Dreams,
which to cover my forehead,
of the Tears of Hopes,
of the Icons which weep of Happiness,
in the arms of Divine Light,
of the fulfillment of our Predestination,
in The Retrieval of ourselves,
on the bridge of Memories from the Future.

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58. The paltry Illusion

Listen to my Dawn of the Boundlessness,
Love,
and receive me into the arms of your Dreams,
to I can fly
on the wings of the my guardian Angels,
no matter how far,
in your World,
from me,
the fallen one,
from the Divine Light,
of Everything Primordial,
in the paltry Illusion,
of the Lie,
which, also,
is in turn a part of Truth,
on which I believed him in my naivety,
as being the Absolute,
of the Endlessness.

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59. On the Sky of the Dreams of another World

Scattered through the Sand of Questions,
what have snowed with Zodiac signs,
through, the Hourglasses of the Dust of the Incarnations,
with broken Answers,
by the candles of the Deceptions,
hanging from the dry wood,
of the coffins of some Words,
on which we bury them each time,
deep into the Universe from us,
deprived of the light of Truth,
which it was taken from him,
by the Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence,
at watch, of, Creation,
when all the stars,
were lit on the Sky of the Dreams,
of another World,
without you,
destined to the Loneliness.

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60. I succeeded to understand you the purpose

Repeating always,
the dusty road of the Moments,
which have accompanied toward the sunset the wings of
your Dreams,
Love,
I succeeded to understand you,
the purpose of the stiff Smile,
drowned in the asthmatic Tears of the Day,
which, they can no longer breathe you,
taking their farewell every time,
from the fire flowers of the Soul,
uttered by the lit lips of the Words,
to be gathered in the bouquets of Heaven,
which I to give them,
at the Sun of your Glance,
what, he enlightens my Destiny,
stabbed by the Illusions of Life and Death,
to be able to die,
far from his own Self,
on which I want him in your arms.

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61. The wandering Time of the Vanity

Drowned,
in the Zodiac signs without Luck,
of the bloody Sunsets,
by, the bleeding of the Moments,
wasted in vain,
by the wandering Time,
of the Vanity,
which hopes that it will succeed,
finally,
to pay all his debt,
to Death,
which consists,
in, to kill, through old age,
or sad events,
the World of Incarnations,
in the Dust of Despair,
on which I fell,
slipping from the arms of Divine Light.

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62. The Face of Love

The true Love,
has no place in this World,
where the Original Sins of Pain, reign,
which, they would lose their power,
if the Souls would ever know,
its Absolute Truth,
on which is trying and now,
in vain,
The Subconscious Stranger,
he to reveals him to us,
although he is aware of, the deafness,
given by, the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
he knows that, the face of Love,
after which our Souls were created,
has not been mutilated,
by the Dust of the Incarnation,
and after we will pay our debt at the Death,
everything that will remain from us will be this,
brighter or darker,
it depends on us.

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**63. Along with what we believe to be false, the
Creation of Love**

I did not understand, Lord,
why should we pray,
for our Original Sins ?,
why do we strengthen them like this ?,
at crossroads so crowded,
of the Questions and Answers,
about ourselves,
written on every wall of Thoughts,
which have built the Icons,
from which the Holy Fathers smile us, bitterly,
on which our Souls have painted them,
after the image and likeness,
of the Illusions of their Life and Death,
not being, no one, more special than us,
besides the fact,
that although they have gone through all our failures,
they have succeeded to cross beyond the Dust of
Incarnation,
to they rise up, along with what we believe to be,
false,
the Creation of Love.

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64. The weight of the Clouds of the Forgetfulness

It was raining with ice flowers,
over the forehead of the Twilight, injured,
whose bleeding,
has stained the Heaven of Dreams,
of the Memories from the Future,
of the Divine Light,
of the rebellious Eyes of Love,
whose eyelids by Longing,
are barely opening,
by, the weight of the Clouds of the Forgetfulness,
what they shade with the lead of the Compromises,
the Walls of Images that are falling,
over the hot wilderness,
from the rebellious Thoughts,
of the indifferent Time.

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65. Through the veins of the dirty Genes

River beds of mud,
they flow through the veins of the dirty Genes,
of the Blood of the Horizons of Incarnation
in whose Dust,
are buried today,
our Memories from the Future,
fallen into, the knees of the Time,
indifferent and greedy,
which ate us the Souls,
using the sharp fangs,
of the Days, undecided and ruthless,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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66. Where it was decided

You shone on the vault of the Heart of Heaven,
of the my Feelings,
falling star,
lost by the Divine Light,
among the roots of the cold and sad Years,
of the bloody Twilight,
over which he reigns and now,
the Darkness of Retrieval in Thought,
of the face so pale,
of the Love,
from the Last Supper,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
where it was decided,
the Separation of ourselves.

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67. Our Memories of fire

Torrents, of Questions,
are flowing us over the dry face of Time,
whose desert, of, Thoughts,
is burning us and now the deep Wrinkles of the Happiness,
through which, it sheds, the river of the Pain,
on which we sail,
looking for his spill into the Ocean of the Death,
as soon as possible,
until will no longer fall and other stars of fire,
over our Memories of fire,
which, they burn us the Days,
whose ashes,
is carried by the winds of Desperation,
toward Nowhere.

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68. To honor the Original Sins

Lost,
among the ruins of fallen Dreams,
of the handicapped arms of the Fulfillment,
what they can barely support themselves,
by, the shoulder of the sharp Heaven,
of the cold, ruthless and insensitive Thoughts,
of the ragged Clouds,
by the spiritual Poverty of the Inferno,
on which we build it,
to honor the Original Sins,
whose World has been created for us,
by, the Mistake of a God,
stranger by ourselves.

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69. It is censored us the communication

How loud they shouted us,
the Great Silences of the Vanity of this World,
that we have incarnated,
in the Dust of her Dreams,
without submitting any objection,
to the Original Sins,
which have taxed us,
the Memories from the Future,
of the Divine Light,
which fades in us,
it hiding in the depths of an Universe,
from our Souls,
alongside the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
in comparison with which, is censored us
the communication.

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70. Melting ourselves, we too, forever

I found again
the Days, bitten through the albums with Longing,
placed on the Heaven of Passions,
who have braided us the crucified Feelings,
on the forehead of the Dreams,
who they fed our Prides,
on which we lost them later,
at the table of Compromises,
with ourselves,
then when we were hit,
by the heavy Steps of melted lead,
of the Original Sins,
in whose Traces we fell,
melting ourselves, we too, forever,
one compared to another.

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**71. The coldness with wich we had begun to look at
him**

We were in the same train of the Sunrise,
when it began to snow,
with the spring buds of the Words,
next to which we danced,
the waltz of Happiness,
until the middle of the Night of Love,
which was lost in the Darkness of the alienation,
by the blood of Horizons,
which, they broke their wings,
when we tried to we fly over ourselves,
not being enough for us,
the Endlessness of the own Universe,
who lay sick, in us,
by the coldness with wich we had begun,
to we look at him.

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72. Dying before our Dreams

The regrets carved in the bitter stone,
of the Dawn of Fire,
of the flames lit,
on the vault of the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Feelings,
which have embraced us the wings of the Glances,
what were rising, further and further,
in the Endlessness of the Universe,
given by the Divine Light of Love,
at the temporal separation by us,
when, we were to incarnate us the Eternity,
for to know the Death,
whose Illusion will disappear,
through her own Self,
dying,
before our Dreams,
then when we will forsake,
the Being for the Non-being,
and the Pain for Love.

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73. Among the Hollows of the Heart

Hidden,
among the Hollows of the Heart,
of your Eyes, of, Heaven,
I breathe, the stars of the Words of Divine Light,
by which you shine,
on the vault of Love,
until it becomes a Galaxy,
of all our Memories,
from the Future,
from before being the Existence,
with all the Illusions of the its Non-Senses,
on which he sells them to us, daily,
on the stand of its own Vanities,
The Death.

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74. The inexplicable thrill of Love

In this World,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
The Creation of Love,
it can be built,
only through Pain,
from which we must each take,
one piece,
on which to we model her,
after the image and likeness,
of the Suffering,
to which we must deepen,
as prominent as possible,
the endearing traits,
of the Happiness,
for to feel,
the thrill,
inexplicable,
of the Love.

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75. On her last road

Bows of Tears,
they hurt the wands of the violins of the Dreams,
what cried deaf to the orchestras of Meanings,
their own Failures,
on the notes of the cold,
off the lips of your depressed Eyes,
among the Cemeteries of Words,
where we lead the Promises,
to be able to die,
without doing them,
monuments of Memories,
to whom we wish them,
to rest in peace,
the same as, the funeral corteges of our Days,
what follows silent every time,
the Happiness,
on her last road.

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76. On the Ocean of our Tears of Longing

Far away,
in the depths of the Flowers of Dreams,
I left,
to collect your bouquets, of, Glances
from which I braided for you crowns of Love,
on which I will put them to you,
on the forehead of your Days,
from whose Water of the Life ,
to we drink the nectar of the Happiness,
forgetting the dusty roads of the Pain,
of this World,
sold at the Death,
by the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which have built their Icons of Compromises,
just to help them,
then when they are ready to drown,
on the Ocean of our Tears, of, Longing,
after the Memories of the Future,
from which we fell,
and we have incarnated us,
in Despair.

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77. Which burn their Eternities of Moments

Scatter to me, Lord,
in the Horizons without me,
the Pain of being myself,
a wandered traveler,
on the Blood full of Deception and Despair,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which I am obliged,
to I drink it every time,
only from the cups, from nowhere,
of the Feelings of the Original Sins,
which burn their Eternities of Moments,
at the pale Fire,
of the Vanities of this World,
from which were built for us,
true palaces of the Inferno.

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